

Joy Electric, The Good Will Not Be Cloned Or Wh

Come to me, you willing ones
Blind and sick on rotten meal
One by one like fattening cows
Snap you jump and blink, you yield

The good will not be cloned
But you are made by the wheels that turn
The good will not be cloned
You know in time you will be found and revealed

Keep the bleeding sheep in count
You're all numbered ounce by ounce
No trace of nobility
Us poor starve on crumbs you leave
a decade of being forgotten.
A decade of being forgotten
No more
No more
No more being forgotten.
No more being forgotten.....